THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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SONGS MAKE THEIR WAY.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way,
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? Its song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.
Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain
To help him rest,
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh,
"Ah, me! Last spring
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing!"

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air, and other men,
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

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To be disinterested is to be strong, and the world is at the feet of him whom it cannot tempt. Why? Because spirit is lord of matter, and the world belongs to God. "Be of good cheer," saith a heavenly voice, "I have overcome the world."

It is better for a man to be anchored to his wife's apron strings than stranded on the bar.

There is no point in the life of a Christian man where he cannot say that it is better further on.

The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compelled to starve at an unreal feast;
A spark that upward tend by nature's force;
A stream diverted from its parent source;
A drop dissevered from the boundless sea;
A moment parted from eternity,
A pilgrim panting for a rest to come;
An exile anxious for his native home. —More.

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As life draws toward its close God dulls our eyes and ears and all our senses, that, being thus shut out from the outer world, our minds may the more retire from the world, withdraw into their own sanctuary, and there be occupied with him. Be this method of his providence a guide to us! Keep the rein over your own minds; control them; master them; check them, for the very sake of keeping them in check; so shall you the better have them in your power, in your prayers, too.—Dr. Pusey.

"Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything: it is the light that leads and the strength that lifts men on and up in the great struggle of scientific pursuits and professional labor: it robs endurance of difficulty and makes duty a pleasure."

Watchfulness and prayer are inseparable. The one discerns danger; the other arms against them. Watchfulness keeps us prayerful, and prayerfulness keeps us watchful.—Maclaren.

There are many able preachers who would do well to translate their sermons out of the language of the books and the schools into the ordinary speech of everyday life.

We know about God through nature, history, revelation, conscience; we know Him in the secret communion of the soul.—Burrell.

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary,

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, August 20, 1903

WHILE GOD IS MARCHING ON.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom which transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

—Julia Ward Howe.

AT THE FRONT.

The veterans of the Civil war are at the front in San Francisco this week. It is proper that they should be. They were at the front in a different sense forty years ago. Men walk our streets today, and receive the welcome of all California, who were with Grant at Vicksburg and with Meade at Gettysburg; who were with Sherman on his victorious march to the sea; who cheered exultantly when Grant turned his face toward the Wilderness in 1864, and when it was evident at last that there were to be no more retreats, but that it was to be the business of the army to fight and to end the rebellion in the only way that it could be ended.

When, finally, the concluding victory had been won thousands of these men who had borne aloft the nation's banner on some of the most hotly contested battlefields of the world marched in grand review along the streets of our capitol city. Since then many of them have responded to the roll-call "beyond the gates," but others still live to enjoy the freedom for which they fought and to give from year to year through their beloved organization as it meets in its encampment, and marches in our streets, a lesson in patriotism.

It is worth much to California to have these veterans once more in annual encampment within her borders. No one can look upon them as they march along our streets, no one can listen to the words that fall from eloquent lips on such occasion, and fail of an inspiration to noble living. In the days of the nation's great need these men went forth to battle that the nation might live. The heritage which they preserved for us is a priceless one; and no earnest soul can contemplate their services and their heroism, can reflect on the value of the heritage as it is today and as it promises to be in the future and fail of desire to have part in handing it on down in all its glory and promise to the generations yet to come.

"What flag is this you carry
Along the sea and shore?
The same our grandsires lifted up—
The same our fathers bore.
In many a battle's tempest
It shed the crimson rain—
What God has woven in his loom
Let no man rend in twain."

Grateful ought we to be today that we live from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf under the flag of our fathers, and that the area over which that flag floats has been during recent years an expanding one. As a nation there is before us now an open door of wonderful opportunity. The principles embodied in our constitution are such as are calculated to uplift and bless all mankind. It is incumbent on us as a people to see to it that the wider liberty of our national charter be not lost but maintained—and that, not for ourselves alone, but that it be incorporated into that world-wide unity, the promise of which is now on the horizon. There is call today, not for the heroism of the battlefield, but for the heroism of every-day life; for such living as was exemplified by him whose feet trod the hills and valleys of Palestine centuries ago, and whose words were, "If any man would be my disciple let him deny himself and follow me." It is his day; it is his truth that is marching on.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never beat retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on."

It is those souls who do answer him, and who cooperate with him, who shall, at the consummation of things, be at the front. It is service that crowns. Service gave to Christ a name that is above every name. Nothing else crowns men among their fellow-men. Nothing else crowns them with God.

May there be given to this nation more men, more leaders, who shall come to say on the everyday battlefields of life, as Tennyson makes an old hero say:

"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?"

When all over our land men live for the best—seek the best things for themselves and to put the best into others, then shall we stand at the front as a nation and be a leader in the bringing in of a world-wide brotherhood.

The Rev. Dr. Smith Baker, who gives us this week some Pacific Coast impressions, is pastor of Williston church, Portland, Maine, in which the first Christian Endeavor Society was organized.

Next Monday the hour at the Ministers' Meeting will be devoted to vacation experiences.

The Religious World.

The recent church census in London disclosed a decline in the prayer-meeting service. The London Christian comments on the figures for some of the districts, and says that if they are a fair average there is a supreme need for urging the church forward to what Dr. Parker once called "the recovery of the lost miracle of prayer."

The Church of the Disciples of Christ—called "Christian" also—has had good growth in California during the last quarter of a century. In 1878 the estimated membership was 2,500. This year their statistics give them 21,000. They have eight churches in the cities about San Francisco Bay, the largest being in this city, with a membership of 385.

The "Quiet Hour" talks given at the Christian Endeavor Convention at San Diego by the Rev. Dr. E. W. Work of Berkeley have been published in book form. These talks laid strong hold of all who were in attendance at San Diego, and their publication will gladden the hearts of Christian Endeavorers, and will minister to the spiritual upbuilding of many.

Evidently the ministers in the church of the United Brethren in Christ believe in the church paper. Frequently we see in the Religious Telescope, the paper published in the interest of that denomination, mention of the ministers who have secured large lists of subscribers. Two years ago when the present pastor at Chillicothe, Ohio, took charge of the church at that place there were only seven subscribers for the paper. Now there are one hundred and six. The membership of the church is 340. This means a church paper for every three members, and is about what it ought to be in every church.

General Booth of the Salvation Army has never been "a back number." He has always made use of the best methods to win men and women to Christ and to build them up in righteousness. Among his recent suggestions and plans is one for the establishing of an international university for the training of persons for the rescuing of people from poverty and crime. He says: "The task of raising the submerged lies beyond the power of governments and organized churches, and it should not depend much longer on the accident of individual experience, but should be carried on by trained men and women selected for intelligence and devotion. Thirty-seven years of world-wide work have shown what the Salvation Army can do, but we must now put rescue work on an enduring basis. Our officers must be as skilled in the science of saving men as the officers of regular armies are in destroying men."

Shall we chronicle in our "Religious World" columns the statement that seventy-five per cent of the buildings in which are located the nine hundred saloons and houses of prostitution and assignation in Atlanta, Georgia, are owned by church members? That seems to be irreligious instead of religious. They who rent buildings for such purposes are responsible to God, not to their fellow-men; and we shall not sit in judgment on them. But it is something that the present writer could not do. And now comes the query, how many church members on the Pacific Coast are doing likewise? Not many years ago the pastor of a prominent church in a leading city brought great condemnation upon himself from some of his members because he denounced the renting of buildings for such purposes. We are our brother's keeper; and it is beyond our comprehension how any one so doing can hope to escape God's condemnation. There is that which is worse than poverty or starvation. But they who rent buildings for such unholy traffic are, so far as is known, in no danger of starvation; nor would they be even if they should refuse so to do.

The city of Philadelphia leads in open-air and tent meetings. On a recent Sunday 127 of these meetings were held in that city. The aggregate atendance was 25,000. In 101 places the meetings were in the open air. The Methodists held 24, the Presbyterians 22, the Baptists 19, the Salvation Army 22 and the Episcopalians 4. It is rather surprising to learn of the dignified Episcopalian Church in the tent and open-air work. It is one of the evidences that the need for such services is becoming more apparent. At Northfield this year the Rev. Charles Stelze, who has had large experience among workingmen said: "The day has gone by when we can hang a sign outside of our church doors, 'Seats free; everybody welcome,' and then expect people to come in. They simply will not come. I think most of you have found this out. As I have read this Bible I do not find a single command in it for the unconverted man to go to church. He is told to come to Christ; he is told to accept Christ, but there is not a single command for the non-Christian to go to church. But I find command after command in that book for the Christian to go out upon the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, and that is your commission and mine."

The Bystander.

Mr. Campbell of London in the Pulpit and in the Railway Station.

The visit of Rev. R. J. Campbell of City Temple, London, has been the occasion of several interviews in our American newspapers. Mr. Campbell has beeen described as a child of light rather than a son of Thunder, as a mystic, spiritual—almost delicate in his spiritual fibre. All this is doubtless true, and yet it should be said that he is, like the rest of us, perfectly human. In the pulpit he is transfigured with spiritual light, but in a baggage-room, dealing with railroad officials, trying to catch a train—why that is altogether a different proposition. Most men get along better in a church than they do in a railroad station. Most men are more saintly when they leave their "luggage" than when they haven't. Even John wanted to burn a village with fire from heaven, and Peter cut off a man's ear. Mr. Campbell might have done the same had he a sword in his hand instead of the umbrella.

He said: "I did not miss but one engagement, and that was the Epworth League Convention at Detriot. It was not my fault, but must be charged to the disobliging railroad clerk, who positively refused to check my trunk ahead. He so annoyed me that I could have knocked him down with my umbrella."

This is as amusing as an object study in practical theology. There are times when even a saint would find satisfaction in belaboring a baggage man with an umbrella, which is rather a harmless thing, and we forgive Mr. Campbell, and hope he will come again—next time to California, where baggage men are always polite, and where umbrellas are not required.

An Appeal to Congregational Laymen.

By these words the Bystander would reach the lay-

men of the Congregational Churches of California, not that they need such an appeal any more than the laymen of other States, but because they are within reach.

The laymen need to be heard more in our Congrgational gatherings. We pastors have too much to say. Let the men of the churches be heard. Our representative gatherings are largely ministerial meetings, in which the strength of the laity is neither seen nor felt. Again, the members of our Congregational Churches should do something positive, large and effective. We are covered with the mildew of conservatism, reaching out for not new work, but talking about our poverty. There are a number of laymen in all our churches not worth their Congregational salt. President Bradley of Iowa College puts it even stronger when he says: "Many of our State Home Missionary Societies are as timid as cotton tail rabbits. They understand best how to withdraw from fields. They have lost the art of going forward into new fields." President Bradley is right. "The old way of leaving one superintendent to take care of a hundred home missionary fields, by dropping in upon each church once a year between trains is still in vogue with us. 'No money for new churches' has got to be so habitual a cry that it is second nature."

This is strong language, but it is true, and it is pre-eminently true in California. We are most earnest in matters of union and comity and withdrawing and cutting down, rather than in positive aggressive work. In the meantime the denomination dwindles. So would the lumber business, or the liquor trade, or politics, or the bake business, if run the same way. Now much of this responsibility lays at the door of the average layman who takes no interest whatever in the future of Congregationalism in San Francisco, or Oakland, or Shasta, or Oroville. He would no more go to the State Association than to Bombay. If the denomination is to increase then the people must wake up. The pastors are not the whole church. They cannot bear all responsibility. If we are to keep up with the procession of denominations, then the men of our churches must take hold and help.

We have distinguished ourselves of late by closing up churches, twenty in Minnesota, seven in Washington, five in Oregon, eight in Iowa, three in Illinois. five in Nebraska. There is a sum total of over a hundred. The Episcopalians and Disciples are compelling us "to take to the dust."

Now please don't make excuse or apology, and feel perfectly satisfied that the Bystander has a fit of indigestion. He has not. He is not fearful for the ark of God. Unlike Eli he will not fall off the bench and break his neck. But he insists upon calling the attention of the lethargic laymen—the good solid business men of our churches—to their new responsibilities in our work in California. The trumpet must be sounded —not the funeral knell which registers the death of churches.

It has been a long time since we have attempted anything new or aggressive in or around San Francisco. Conservatives will say we must be cautious, and not go too fast. We are not going too fast, we are hardly standing still, but in some instances going backward. The young, bright, business laymen who represent the new generation—where are they? Have they no interest in the work of the Congregational churches? The ministers are tugging away, pushing, pulling and urging, but the weight of the unawakened laity is heavy, and the wheels of the chariot drag. Let us not only hold our own, but move forward, "produce, produce, produce," as Carlyle cried!

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

The Strength of Repose.

A valued friend writes me of another mutual friend who is in great sorrow and distress hereunder that God allows her such trial and discipline. She does not seem to need it. Her dignity, sweetness, serenity, are a marvel. She is strength and stimulus to all who contemplate her repose and hopefulnes. Her very hand-writing hath repose. Her dress is immaculate. Her face quiet. Her tones gentle. Her hope serene.If my friend's domestic faithfulness under severe affliction appeals to my ardent correspondent's nature as it does to me, I can see two human reasons why my Infinite Father allows it. And when I remember that a wide social and family circle, a yet wider school and professional circle must observe what I observe so helpfully even at transcontinental range it becomes easier to justify the ways of God to this suffering saint, who suffers so nobly and so beautifully.

A New Haven Heroine.

Yale College is a school for men. Yet I recall a heroine who never had her name even on a college "annex." I'll tell you of her husband first. Amos Townsend was a bank official for more than fifty years on Chapel street. Many, many years he was cashier. When I knew him he had never been outside of Connecticut. Yet was he no provincial. His temperance and abolition sentiments made him study and read of human progress everywhere. His mission readings, like his generous gifts, were world-wide. His evangelistic zeal led him into such little churches and school houses as would open their doors to him. He had the gift of taking students with him and leading them out in missionary service. I know of his kindly lending money to those in need, and where it was wise he gave it. God bless his memory. He was a rare saint.

Yet when I went back to Yale for a class anniversary festival I found my noble friend insane. Not only insane, but the most pitifully insane man I ever met. Around the generous dining-room where he had welcomed needy students and fleeing slaves on their way to Canada he cowered and skulked like a frightened wolf. It moved me. For weeks and months I pondered it as my correspondent has the case of our serene friend. God gave me sufficient answer. Mrs. Townsend's quiet heroism shone in the darkness of her bitter trial.

There was money and influence enough to place the good man in an asylum and under best professional care. She was his wifely and womanly keeper until heaven released him. Her face shone despite the wrinkles, and her tones of pious peace rang out the richer for her seeming night of trouble. This was her testimony. I doubt if she ever spoke in meeting. Certainly she was not prominent on the platform. Her name did not figure in the social columns of the New Haven Register.

Amos Townsend is a bright saint in the Father's house. His sunny wife has joined him, having been faithful to him unto death. Their children and children's children, their neighbors and their friends, the students who dined in their consecrated home, have as valuable a lesson as any the noblest Yale professor ever taught. In the fever and fret of a man's life I am not ashamed to acknowledge obligation to a serene and

living saint, and I reverently lay a leaf of transplanted Yale ivy on a humble New Haven grave.

Saul's Way and David's Way.

Our little village church has been refreshed by a visit from Hon. David C. Bell of Minneapolis, who has spent his well-earned vacation in part at "Evening Bells," the pleasant little estate he bought for life's evening after his intense enjoyment of our first Blossom Festival. I add to his charming talk to our Sunday School a reflection his modesty would shrink from. But it is just.

Mayor Ames is about to go to the State Prison in Minnesota. He might have stood as high as the beloved County Treasurer, whose visit to us we record. His figure was tall. He was a man of commanding talent, of charming address, of big heart, of real medical skill. But he gave himself to wine and lust. Minneapolis is ashamed of him, for she knows the dreadful story in McClure is true. It is not likely the Supreme Court, which justified the record of the lower court and sentenced Colonel Ames, his brother, will spare the chief offender, as his case is the worst of the two. What a lesson to the youth of Minnesota will be the sight of Doctor Ames in prison stripes!

But this Christian gentleman, reading for forty years the Bible his loving mother gave him, has led hundreds of happy young men to read their Bibles. Every good cause in the North Star State has felt his influence, temperance, humane societies, Associated Charities, Y. M. C. A.'s. He who lifts up his voice for the despised Jesus will not persecute Chinamen. California is richer when such men become her loyal citizens.

FROM A BRITISH VIEWPOINT.

[A few weeks ago we republished from The British Weekly a letter by the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, which gave some interesting pictures of American life and character. We give in part in this connection this week another letter from the same source.—Editor.]

Boston is the most typically English city we have yet visited. The inhabitants seem rather proud of the fact. The contrast between the most old-fashioned courtesy of the typical Bostonian and the good-humored abruptness of some of the Westerners whom we have since met is rather striking. The general appearance of the city, too, reminds one of the street architecture of old England. We would willingly have stayed longer in a neighborhood so intimately associated with the memory of American prophets, poets and men of letters.

From Boston we went to the Students' Conference at Northfield, and afterwards to a simalar assembly at Silver Bay. In these two gatherings of young people we were made acquainted with a phase of American life for which we have no precise equivalent in England. These summer conferences of students are held at various points throughout the whole country, and almost all are under religious auspices. We were especially impressed by the work at Northfield, and by the greatness of the influence exerted there by the late Mr. Moody. My wife and I were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Morgan during the few days of our stay. One was hardly prepared to find the religious atmosphere precisely what it is. There is a liberality and an open-mindedness combined with a spiritual tone of the highest order. Even Dr. Campbell Morgan himself was somewhat of a revelation to me. His work is of a very solid character, and is less an evangelistic than a teaching ministry. He possesses a power of intellectual and spiritual exposition which I think I have never seen equalled. Mr. Moody has all his father's organizing grip, but does not attempt platform work. The ruling spirit of the Students' Conference is Mr. J. R. Mott, well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his work among university men. It did one good to come into contact with these bright, eager young college men and women. I am having a similar experience at the present moment with the university graduates of Chicago, about a thousand of whom are in residence. At Northfield I submitted several times a day to being interrogated in public by the young men, who questioned me about all things in the earth and out of it. This strenuous time is pleasant to look back upon all the same, and if opportunity permits we shall return to Northfield for the general commencement at the end of July.

So far the heat of an American summer has not overpowered us, for there is a lightness and a tingle in the atmosphere with which we are unacquainted at home. The railway journey from Silver Bay to Chicago, was, however, a test of endurance, for it was unspeakably hot, and we were glad to quit the train. By the way, I am not prepared to admit that American traveling is suprior to British all the way round. For long distances the American system is undoubtedly the smoother and more luxurious, but for short distance journeys the common car is objectionable, and not nearly so convenient for ingress and egress as the British corridor system with separate compartments.

We reached Chicago on the morning of the Fourth of July. Let the staid British householder try to imagine what that means. A broiling day, with fireworks and yelling crowds superadded. I felt like a prisoner of war as I witnessed these unmeasured rejoicings over the discomfiture of my country. Once or twice the impulse came upon me to rise up and shout "God save the King" in sheer defiance. One's equilibrium was restored on Sunday morning when I preached before the University. It was very much like being at home again. The academic mind is international, and even the academic manner. The bounty of Mr. Rockefeller, together with the magnetic energy of President Harper, is preparing a great future for this seat of learning in the Middle West. It was somewhat strange to me to find a summer course of study in progress, under the direction of a full staff—not a university extension movement in our sense of the word—but a keeping of terms in the ordinary way and under the full control of the University. There is an eagerness and an acquisitiveness about the American student which differentiates him somewhat from the British variety. Chicago does not suggest the sequestered peace of Oxford, but it knows a good deal more about Oxford than Oxford knows about Chicago. Yesterday afternoon I addressed the University again on the subject of "Religion and the Modern Mind." About a thousand graduates were present, nearly half of whom were women. At the conclusion of the address, note-books were produced, and the usual cross-examination began.

Chicago is a city of contrasts. The university, the parks, the boulevards, the public buildings represent a side of life curiously inconsistent with that which one meets in other parts of this great community. In a city of two million inhabitants, only a small minority of

whom are native born, this is perhaps to be expected. From the courtesy and refinement of the academic population we turn to encounter a sordidness, vulgarity and hardness accurately described in Mr. Stead's well-known book, "If Christ Came to Chicago." I am told that Mr. Stead's picture in certain particulars is somewhat overdrawn. Chicago has a better board of aldermen than many other cities which have a superior reputation. This is chiefly owing to the efforts of two or three Yale graduates of public spirit, who deliberately entered municipal politics in the hope of effecting an improvement. The average Chicago citizen has great pride in this commercial metropolis of the Middle West. But he is provincial in his regard for it, all the same. Here and there one comes across the tall-talk American—not often, I am compelled to admit, but still he exists. One said to me yesterday with a flourish of the arm, "Now, sir, did you ever see buildings like these in your country? Have you a street in London to compare with it? We can show you how to do things in this part of the world." Another carried me to two or three points where the traffic was considerable, and interrogated me with an air of great complacency as to whether I had ever seen anything to equal that in my worn-out city. Now, as a matter of fact, I have not seen anything in America, either in New York or Chicago or anywhere else, to compare with the density and strenuousness of London business life. And yet, somehow the American remains firmly convinced that England has dropped out of the running, and that the center of commercial activity is the United States. Our calamity prophets at home contribute somewhat to this impression, which I am convinced is quite an erroneous one. The conviction has gradually strengthened with me that Great Britain has no need to fear for a good while yet. In spite of our conservatism and lack of flexibility there is a reserve strength at home which I do not observe here. It is true that there is an alertness, verve and aplomb about the American commercial man which the Briton does not seem to possess, but the former has still some things to learn from the latter, as thoughtful and educated people on this side of the water are well aware.

But lest one may seem to be describing the typical American, let me say that this loud-voiced and rather irritating person is decidedly the exception, that the typical American is quite another being. At dinner last evening I was privileged to meet some fine examples of American cultured gentlemen. From the speeches and conversation one learned more about the inwardness of American life than would have been possible in many days of unguided observation. Among this company was President James of the Northwestern University, Judge Wall, for twenty years a member of the American judicial bench, Professor Gray, a sociologist, Father Smythe, a Roman Catholic divine, together with other representatives of the theological, literary and legal professions. The patriotism of these men does not prevent them from being citizens of the world. They know well the resources of their own country, but they know her weaknesses too, and are ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to older civilizations without making the mistake of regarding them as effete.

According to these gentlemen there is an increasing sympathy between America and Great Britain, a sympathy which mutual intercourse is tending to encourage year by year, but on the whole there is not perhaps the same amount of friendly regard for Great Britain on the part of Americans which is felt by us for the Stars and Stripes. There are many facts to account for this, the principal of which are the memory of the War of Independence, that of 1812, and the behavior of England during the great civil struggle between the North and the South. Many Americans seem firmly convinced that British friendliness at the present moment is caused by a fear of the new-found American strength and a cringing desire to curry favor. The Irish element is largely responsible, too, for an anti-British prejudice, and this Irish influence is felt to a considerable degree in the public press. We in England, moreover, are apt to forget the heterogeneous elements in American population. German, Swiss, French, Russian and Scandinavians, when they come over here do not overflow with enthusiasm for the British Empire. For all that, it is well understood that during the Hispano-American War the great republic had but one friend in Europe and that was Great Britain. Language must tell for something, and similarity of institutions probably for much more. No matter what the nationality may be from which the immigrant comes, his children become patriotic Americans. The public school is the digestive organ through which this marvelous assimilation of foreign elements is made possible, and it is surprising to observe the degree to which the best English literature is cultivated, both in the school and in the home. I have already encountered Americans of German, Scandinavian, and even Italian origin, whose acquaintance with English literature is much greater than their acquaintance with other European literatures, simply because of their American environment. Free institutions, both of the commonwealth as a whole, and of the separate States, are mainly British, and often Puritan in origin. This is more obvious to a visitor than to the American himself, but an apprehension of the fact makes gradually for a better understanding with the ancient nation which has supplied the ideals.

There is a buoyancy about these people which is like a tonic to an Englishman. The nascent vigor, hopefulness and confidence of the younger men permeate the whole social atmosphere. The heart of the American is young, and I am afraid we must admit that the heart of the Englishman is not. We cannot look to the future with the same serenity as our cousins over here. Perhaps it is that the exhilarating atmosphere supplies an extra convolution to his brain. The only danger about it is that this cheery optimism and satisfaction with material success tend to an impatience of the deepest things, a result, if I mistake not, which has affected even the pulpit. In response to the question addressed to me by the united company at last night's dinner, "What do you think is the greatest lack in the Chicago character?" I answered "Soul."

R. J. Campbell.

A COMMUNICATION FROM CHIN

Dear Pacific: Yesterday I was reading in The Pacific of April 2d Rev. W. H. Scudder's "Is It a New Religious Experience?" He quotes, not with approval, from the Outlook, among other things, these words in reference to prayer: "Prayer becomes hardly distinguishable from meditation * * *; it is more a habit than an act, more an atmosphere than either;" etc. I had just been taking to the Lord in prayer the young preachers, a dozen of them, whom we have sent out during the past few months. Great are the difficulties before them. Their birth and early education was all pagan, filling their minds with false beliefs, false ideals,

false aims, even Confucius falsely interpreted. The gospel wrought a radical change in them; and a few years devoted to study of the Scriptures and Christian book has built on this foundation a structure of Christian nurture, which yet is far from complete, far from adequate. Now they are surrounded by adverse influences, all of which tend to drag them back into the pit from which they have been pulled. My prayers for them might be truly called a habit; but they are also acts which grow in positiveness and intensity with my own spiritual growth, to which they powerfully conduce. When we hold converse with men we have something to converse about; and that converse to be highly beneficial needs must be in the main kindly sympathetic converse about others. I do not see how this "New Religious Experience" prayer can possess this highest quality, or bring this highest benefit of prayer.

As I read on through The Pacific I came to these words in Rev. C. D. Crane's "A California Tree of Knowledge": "Are you hungry for an old-fashioned prayer-meeting? Visit a rescue mission, and you will not be disappointed." Brother Crane knows what he is talking about. It sometimes seems to me that a man who sees the terrible needs of men in their sin and darkness would go crazy if he did not pray the prayer of faith. It is in very truth "his vital air." An atmosphere? Yes, indeed; he could not live without it. I thought yesterday in my praying, "Master, you care so much more for these men than I do; why need I pray for them?" The answer was: "It is the divine order that your care for them should find expression, and gain strength through prayer for them, which God promises you shall bring them help and blessing."

In my reading I notice that Dr. Peck of North China thinks there is not danger of another Boxer uprising, while a Hongkong paper takes a different view of the matter. In this part of China the situation seems to be about thus. Scattered through every community are men who were rabidly in sympathy with the Boxer movement, and were bitterly disappointed at its utter failure. They are for the present overawed; but they personally have tasted nothing of the terrible consequences of that movement; and they are ignorant enough and vain enough to suppose that if they were given a chance the result would be different. I do not think that they are strong enough to do anything under present circumstances; but if Western nations were to get into a general war among themselves, there would be great danger of another anti-foreign movement, much more thorough and extensive than that of 1900.

It is commonly supposed by the Chinese that Yung-lu was friendly to Russia. He was the Empress Dowager's right hand man throughout the Boxer troubles and all that has followed; and his death has brought relief to many an anxious mind in China. But it is a question whether or not the peculiar situation in Manchuria is not due to a scheme on the part of the Empress Dowager to entice Russia into a course which will involve this power in a war with England and Japan, and gradually draw in other nations, and so leave China free to work her own will with the foreigners in her borders.

But there is yet another view of the matter. If the Manchu dynasty was overthrown whither would the Empress Dowager and her friends fly for safety; to Manchuria? There would be no safety for them there unless Manchuria were in the hands of Russians. The Empress Dowager and her favorites have been accumulating vast wealth; and in case of disaster to the dynasty, a Russian Manchuria would be the haven to which they would fly with "much goods laid up for many years."

But amidst all this, God rules and the gospel is preached with ever increasing wideness and power. Let critics and critics doubt and discuss, but don't let them rob us of the mighty help and blessing of prayer. They are robbing us a little of financial support from some who are weak in the faith, but this is only a small matter if they do not rob us of the supplication of the righteous man (which) availeth much in its working.

J. E. Walker.

Shaoun, China, July 6, 1903.

AN IMPRESSION.

By Smith Baker, D.D.

The editor says: "Give a Yankee's impression of religious matters on the Pacific Coast." To begin with there is not much difference. The East and the West are so united, that they are one. They have the same sun and moon and stars. The same Flag and the same Cross. Human nature is the same in its sinfulness, needs and goodness and if from a flying trip through Denver, Salt Lake, Sacramento, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle and Minneapolis one tries to give an impression it must of necessity be so superficial, that those who live upon the ground will smile at the ignorance displayed. After, however, meeting ministers and laymen of different denominations, and after hearing seven sermons representing the Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian faiths, and after hearing men talk on the cars and at the hotels, we are impressed that ministerial nature is about the same everywhere; that preachers as a class are good men, seeking as best they can to advance the Master's kingdom; that the religious work in the West is more aggressive than in the East. In New England much of our strength is demanded to hold the fort, while in the West there is a demand for "pushing forward." There is doubtless a greater opportunity for "building up" than in the East. Both kinds of work demand ability, culture and zeal. There is not much chance anywhere for a lazy minister. He soon goes to the bottom, East or West.

I am impressed that the West has money enough and that it does not need more money so much as it needs more men. With the right kind of men, the money will take care of itself. We think the West is more conservative in its religious thinking than the East. There is less of patting liberalism and nationalism on the back. The preaching is more direct and positive as we heard it in seven different sermons from as many preachers—Congregationalist, Methodist and Presbyterian. They were all good, some better, and some fine. We did not hear in any of them a single word which suggested higher criticism or lower criticism or any kind of criticism or which referred to advanced thought or recent scholarship, but each of them might have been preached fifty years ago as far as any thought expresed in them, and Dr. Park and Albert Barnes and Bishop Simpson would have said they were all right. This, not because they lacked thought or culture, for nearly all of them were by preachers who stand high in their denominations. We noticed also that the largest evening audiences were where the old-fashioned gospel was most simply preached, and from the appearance these audiences were the

most cultivated. All this was very refreshing. An illustration of the truth that nothing else is so popular as the Gospel of the Atonement. When will our young ministers learn that liberalism is not suited to popular preaching or practical Christian work? A certain brilliant New England Judge recently said to his Unitarian pastor: "Our denomination is not suited to missionary purposes." A truth which church history sustains. Humanity demands a positive, atoning gospel. I asked a prominent deacon of a leading church which has recently called a young man to its pastorate, what he knew about his pastor elect. His reply was: "He has some fire and having never been at theological seminary, we judge he has some convictions of his own." In conversation with a lawyer upon the train, he inquired: "What are they teaching young ministers now? I hold a pew in our church and attend once in awhile, and last Sunday when I went home I could not tell what the young minister thought about God, whether he is a tree, or the atmosphere, or an influence or a part of myself. I could not make head nor tail out of it."

A warm religion is always evangelical, if evangelical preaching is not always warm.

This leads to another impression from a part of the sermons that I heard: That the need of the West as of the East is speakers as well as preachers; that is, preachers who are speakers. Where there were good speakers, there were also good congregations. The people like to hear good speaking upon any subject, and preaching which is good speaking was never more popular than at the present time. Let the minister fill the pulpit and the people will fill the pews. It was noticed that some of the ministers were instructive enough and had intellectual earnestness, but had almost no spiritual earnestness or unction. They seemed to have no pulpit passion. They did not work up, or as Bishop Simpson used to say, "There was a lack of fire," and hence the audience was small, but where there was "fire" the congregation was good. The churches are demanding not only goodness and culture but speakers. How to preach is quite as important as what to preach. Better say one thing so men will listen and remember, than to say ten things so they will forget them. There never was a larger opportunity East or West for men who can preach. Not mere instruction, not good talks, not sermonettes, not pictorial shows, not essay readers, but men who have a message from God, whose hearts are on fire and who can speak as dying men to dying men. Such men have hearers, for the people rather hear a man preach the hottest hell, when he speaks as though he believed it, than have him talk about the glories of heaven, of which he is uncertain. We think the same hard work and fire put into the evening sermon as in the morning, would bring out the evening congregation. One other thing you have in the West which we have less of in the East: It is what we heard one businesss man call "mixed ministers." He said: "Our minister mixes up his preaching on Sunday too much with speculations during the week." Four or five times we heard this kind of remark. Preachers who deal in stocks and real estate and bonds. These men had lost their respect for such preachers. The criticism may be unjust. Such ministers may the most of them be honest and true, but the fact remains that the speculating minister surrenders his spiritual influence. It does not work well to mix such things. Either be a business man or be a preacher. Serve by the one or the other. No matter how honest a minister is, when business men say, "He is sharp at a trade, etc.," then that preacher, however brilliant, has sacrificed his power. Live by the gospel, and if you are an unselfish, spiritual man, then God and the people will take care of you. If you have not faith enough to do that, then you have not faith enough to preach faith to others.

It seemed to me that our churches in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle are entering upon a new era of usefulness. It was delightful to meet so many business men as well as ministers who are alive to earnest religious progression. It would not be safe for us to make comparisons, or to say which city was enjoyed the most; but of the leading churches Dr. Day at Los Angeles and Dr. Adams at San Francisco and Dr. House at Portland and Dr. Temple at Seattle have no reason to envy any man any where, East or West. Seattle seems to shout the loudest, and for beautiful situation and a great future it has occasion to rejoice. All these places have splendid hotels, but for magnificent location and all that can make a traveler feel at home nothing can excel the Washington, where Brother Moore rules and Dr. Temple boards. Men who have such delightful places to preach in and such climate to live in ought to "be good." The East and the West are one, with one flag, one Bible, one Cross, and one destiny.

Portland, Maine.

Book Reviews.

"Pilgrim Sermons." By Arthur C. Kempton. The author has passed beyond the gates, but his sermons gathered in this volume by a loving wife and brother will live for the inspiration of many. These sermons were prepared after a trip to the Holy Land, and they picture, in a highly entertaining manner, the places which were visited there and elsewhere, while at the same time they set forth many valuable spiritual lessons. As we read the thought comes that they are not only such as would be very suggestive to the preacher, but also such as would be valuable for general home reading. Not a few of them are such in their simplicity as to make them valuable for Sunday afternoon reading to the children. [F. H. Revell Co.; Chicago; pages 248.]

"Crystals and Gold." By R. T. Cross. The author of this book is the pastor of the Congregational church at Eugene, Oregon. His love for minerals began when he was a boy in Northern New York, and he gives in his book interesting experiences in searching for them in that State in his early years. In 1876 he removed to Colorado Springs and there at the foot of the Rocky mountains there was opened up to him a vast and beautiful territory over which he roamed in leisure times for many years, and which, from its prolific store became to him a source both of pleasure and profit. And now he sends forth what he calls "a nature book"—"a simple record of the thoughts and experiences of a mineral collector," and which he hopes may be of interest to other amateur mineralogists. The book contains considerable information about crystals and from them are drawn some valuable lessons. It may be had of the author at Eugene, Oregon, for $1.

"Side-Lights on Immortality." By Levi Gilbert, D.D. This volume by the editor of the Western Christian Advocate" is well worth reading. A ministerial friend, to whom we were reading a chapter or two

from it a few days ago, said: "I must have it." It has been the aim of the author to furnish a plain argument for immortality, in the form of literature, avoiding theological abstractions, and concise enough for busy people. In the preparation of his book he had in view mostly the need of Christian believers. The captions for the different chapters will show the scope of the work. They are: The Nature of the Proof; The Question of the Ages; The Deeper Definitions; The Significance of the Belief; Jesus and the Resurrection; The Voice of Science; The Fallacies of Materialism; Man Made for Immortality; Eternal Life in the Spirit; Love's Demand for a Future; The Powers of the Age to Come; Tennyson and Immortality; Heaven and Hell; Some Conclusions. The language is beautiful; the book shows wide research and reading, and will bring comfort to many a heart. [F. H. Revell Co.; Chicago; pages 233.]

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Mrs. S. M. Dodge, Treasurer of the Board, has been changed from 1275 6th Ave., Oakland, to 64 Santa Clara Ave., Oakland.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday, September 2nd, in Plymouth church, San Francisco; session at half past ten and quarter past one. Lunch will be served as usual. The church is on Post street, between Webster and Buchanan; take either Geary or Sutter street cars.

Addresses will be made by Rev. H. M. Tenney, the recently appointed secretary of the American Board for the Pacific Coast, and Rev. Charles R. Brown, of Oakland.

A meeting of unusual interest is anticipated, and a large attendance is earnestly urged. If any auxiliaries have not remitted their annual contributions to the treasurer, please do so at once; all gifts are needed to meet the largely increased demand.

One of the missionaries, whose support has been added to our appropriations, sailed for China July 31st, and another is soon to sail for Turkey. Come and hear of these new objects of our love and care, that your prayers for them may be more intelligent and earnest during the coming year. Mrs. A. P. Peck.

A Mission School Boy in India.

K. Ronniah is a lad at Tirlumangulam, India, who is supported by a Sunday-class in Oakland. We quote here a few lines from a letter from him to his friends in general: "Last year I was reading in the first form and I am glad to say that I am promoted to the second form this year. I read the Bible every day. The work I am doinng this year is digging, which I have to do only three hours a week. I am doing it gladly. I am always remembering you in all my prayers. I will never forget your kindness towards me. Please be kind enough to send me your photographs, if you can, and your names. I am very anxious to receive letters of your own."

The Rev. J. C. Perkins writes in connection with this letter from K. Ronniah that according to the records he is supported by some Sunday-school class in Oakland. What class is not known. He says concerning him: "He is a very nice little fellow and a real Christian. I remember when I was in trouble about getting money to support the children, and it was uncertain whether I would get the W. B. M. P. donation of $250 or not. One day as he was going away to Pasumalai, as he went out of the door he said in a quiet, modest way, "I am praying for you." It is rather unusual for a boy to say that to me, so I said: "That's right, but what about?" He answered: "I heard that you are having trouble in getting money, so I am praying that the money will come to you." Well, I was praying, too, and perhaps some others, but it is a question whether my finally getting your donation was an answer to my prayer or to that of the simple-hearted child. The Master said that we've got to become like children in order to see. I am inclined to think that we must become like little children in order to ask aright and get what we ask for."

If this item comes to the notice of the Sunday-school class which supports this Indian boy, a favor will be conferred if it or some member of it will communicate with Mrs. C. W. Farnum of Fruitvale.

MILLS COLLEGE.

While some many be sending their daughters to Vassar, Holyoke, Smith or Wellesley, they may be overlooking the fact that we have a woman's college in our very midst, an institution whose surroundings are most beautiful, whose sanitary conditions were especially commended by the Government Board of Health and whose curriculum places its students on a par with those of our State University, as well as of Eastern Colleges. One young woman, having completed the Sophomore year at Mills College, being received this year as regular Junior without examination or condition at the State University.

The year has opened encouragingly with large classes in the Seminary and in the College, the largest Freshmen class that has ever entered. The students are representative not only of different parts of our State, but of many other States and other lands as well.

The teaching force has been increased by the return to the History Department of Mrs. Chandler, who has been doing graduate work at Stanford University during the past year; by the coming of Dr. Inskip of the University of Chicago to take the chair of Psychology and Philosophy, the place made vacant by the retirement of Miss Ellis, who has served the College long and faithfully, and by the coming of Miss Helen Brooks to the position of History of Art, which for many years has been so ably filled by Mrs. Mills' sister, Miss Tolman.

A Y. M. C. A. FOR EUREKA.

Eureka wants a Y. M. C. A. She feels the need of a place of Christian influence where their young men can spend their evenings, a place where they can develop muscle and mind and grow physically, intellectually and morally. Eureka is in a condition of prosperity; she has a flourishing high school; her commerce and industries, especially milling, are extensive and increasing, bringing in yearly more young men; she confidently looks for railroad connection with the central part of the State within a few years; and everything points toward a golden future. Now is the time for a Y. M. C. A.

The local enthusiasm is high. There have been splendid Sunday afternoon mass meetings of men; the

daily papers favor the movement in their editorial comment; and business and professional men have shown their good will by liberal assurance of financial support. Mr. Mr. Newlands has been elected temporary chairman of the committee in charge; after a thorough investigation, he states with confidence that 500 young men will be ready to join the Association.

Along with progress in other lines, may there be advancement in Christian work. Side by side with the new Carnegie libary, tanding for intellectual enlightenment, may there arise a substantial Y. M. C. A. building, emblem of the moral advancement of the young man.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H SCUDDER.

David Spares Saul. I Sam. xxvi: 5-12, 21-25.

Lesson 9. August 30, 1903.

The test of Saul's disposition by David's absence from the feast of the new moon left no option to the young rival. Flight was his only recourse, and he avails himself of the opportunity in Saul's ignorance of his whereabouts to escape to Nob, a city of priests, north of Jerusalem. Here he took the shewbread for provisioning himself and his companions (referred to in our Lord's answer to the Pharisees' charge of doing the unlawful act of plucking the corn on the Sabbath), and continued his course to Gath. The terrible results of this stopping at Nob, are recorded in chapter 22, when Saul accuses Ahimelech of being a party to a conspiracy against him, and in spite of protests of innocence, orders the priests slain and the city destroyed. Driven from Gath, on pretense of being mad, David comes to Adullam, now identified as a stronghold in Shephelah, west of Hebron. His leadership makes itself felt by the flocking thither of his kindred, and the malcontents of all classes, numbering some 400 men (xxii: 2.) Some prominent men also joined him with their followers (I Chron. xii: 8-18), so that he was head of a band of 600 (I Sam. xxiii: 13). The most important fact to be gathered from this, is the waning of confidence in Saul's rulership, and the signs of civil conflict that are imminent. David promptly averts any such disaster by directing their energies toward repelling a raid of the Philistines at Keilah (xxiii: 1-6). Saul heard of the event and assembled his forces to capture David at this place, but the leader and his 600 had gotten to the desert country in the vicinity of the Dead Sea before Saul could head him off (xxiii: 7-14). Among the varying fortunes that befel David in this region, the most important was his relations with Nabal, on whose death his wife, Abigail, with all the wealth naturally inherited from him, became the wife of this rapidly rising young Israelitish warrior. This alliance gave him extended influence in the south of Judah, and shows that David now began to use policy in strengthening himself, a fact borne out by his marriage with Ahinoam, the Jezreelitess, which gave him a hold on the hill country of Judah (xxv: 43 comp. Josh. xv: 48 and 56). That he needed adroitness as well as such support as alliances and military supporters could give is seen in the treachery of the men at Keilah, who, without regarding his deliverance from the invading Philistines, only waited Saul's coming to deliver David and his men into the king's hand (xxiii: 12). So hotly is he followed by Saul, that he compares himself to a hunted partridge, seeking the dense brush for covering, or to a flea that escapes death only by its rapid jumps from one point to another till it vanishes from sight in some mysterious hiding place (xxvi: 20). In the wilderness of Ziph he secures a retreat in the hill of Hachilah. From information through the Ziphites Saul leads his army thither, and encamps beside the hill. In oriental style the baggage wagons are formed into a large circle for a barricade and the men entrenched themselves behind them for the night. In the darkness, David steals into the enclosure, discovers Saul asleep, with his guards about him. It takes but an hour for the bold youth to secure the services of Abishai, his impetuous nephew (I Chron. ii: 16), in a daring attempt to venture to the side of the sleeping king. At the moment of success, Abishai whispers a reminder of an utterance traceable first to Jonathan, but since then assuming the form of a prediction or a proverbial assumption, that an opportunity would some day throw itself in David's path to destroy his pursuer and occupy his place (v. 8, comp. xxiii: 17), and is prevented from smiting him to the earth by his companions great respect for the office of the king and the veneration in which the monarch's person was held. But the two secured the cruise of water which Saul had placed as a pillow beneath his head, and the royal spear which had twice been hurled at David, and departed without disturbing the camp. Once out upon the summits safe from capture, David wakes the echoes of the silent hills with his shouts, derides the precautions of the captain of the host, and makes an impassioned appeal to Saul for restoration to favor on the ground of his innocence of treachery or conspiracy, offering as proof the chance to take the king's life but a moment since when he was so near him as to remove his personal effects. This preservation of life affects Saul to public confession of his wrong, and promise to seek his harm no longer. Thus far the historical situation, which has higher teachings for us.

1. The careful selection of methods.

Ends which seem most desirable, and beyond doubt are so, constantly thrust themselves into our path that we may accomplish them. The throne of Israel was the end distinctly placed before David, and he woke to the consciousness that effort must run before its attainment. Methods, legitimate in those days, he saw and employed, such as gaining tribal sovereignty through influential marriage, and receiving those who were restive under Saul's governing. But that night beside the sleeping king gave him the supreme opportunity of a short cut to the end. One thrust of the spear, and the deed was done, and he need not have personal responsibility for it, Abishai was all too eager for the chance. But David restrained his companion, because he knew that the method was wrong. The end did not justify the means. Had he always followed this careful selection of methods, David's career had not been stained with the one black spot that time cannot remove. The high plane on which the selection of methods has been placed by our Great Example ought to carry much greater weight with us than it does. Methods are quite as much temptations as are ends, and much more subtle. The three temptations of Jesus had a common and legitimate end in view. They all centered in the coming of the kingdom of God. The temptation came in the means to be employed. It was apparently a short path to the desired end to show Himself the Son of God by turning stones into bread; or proving himself the Messiah by a descent from the

temple pinnacle into the midst of an astonished crowd; or gaining all the world in a single stroke that destroyed opposition, but—the methods were not God's methods. Jesus was swift to detect that, and while it in no way detracted from the keenness of the temptation it enabled him to foil the tempter. So long as we are on earth, methods and self will necessarily be intimately associated. It takes much of God's grace to shun present-day questionable methods whose name is Legion. Around us lie the deceitful method, the gambling method the customary method, the short-road-to-success method, and innumerable others. They are temptations, and they are tests. To be honest and honorable in methods is no small sign of a conscience alive to God's will.

2. God's providences and our wishes.

Akin to the other point, but even more difficut in its application is this second thought. Abishai voices it in his words (v. 8): "God hath delivered up thine enemy into thy hand this day, now therefore let me smite him." A partial truth indeed. Providence was undoubtedly in the event, but it was not to be interpreted or determined by Abishai's desires. But the best of us do it. The stronger our natures the more our desires color our opportunities. And consciousness of right motive only increases the strength of desire until it becomes a conviction, and conscience is harnessed to our wish, determining us to carry our project to consummation. As a consequence, trouble ensues, mischief is often made, and in the end, unfortunately—in the end, we see that it was the wish and not Providence, that lay at the bottom of it all. Illustration is afforded in Acts v: 33-40. The Jews believed there was a Providence in the opportunity whereby the disciples of the Nazarene fell into their power. Gamaliel saw that the wish to get rid of these religious innovators was to become the interpreter of the Providence. His wisdom prevailed, and mischief was averted. The extreme difficulty of this determining what is God's will in our lives, and what our wish is not to be shunned. We are to face it, and learn, even from failure, to disentangle the two. David's policy of waiting until Providence was so plainly discernable as to allow of no error in confusing it with his wish, will be the key to many a doubtful situation in our own history. We do not come to discerning the divine will in our lives without consecrated thought, and unselfish yielding to much that is contrary to our desires.

3. The discipline of circumstances.

The glamour thrown about life by poetic imaginings disappears before actual existence. Life never was easy, it never will be to the man that counts himself a man, possessed of a nature that admits of great possibilities. If we learn anything in these lessons it is that David's life was really a hard one. But in the midst of his wanderings, and hardships he recognized that which not only makes life endurable, but positively fascinating, namely, the disciplinary effect of circumstances. It would have been easy for him to complain, and become embittered against man and God also. But in the light of his psalms, his unwavering trust, his single purpose to serve God, we can discern the fact that every hardship trained him in the higher portions of his nature. And this is the conclusion of the whole-matter. To subject ourselves to the discipline of life, is to put ourselves to school with the purpose of our creation before us. To see how the severest trials can educate nobility, and sweetness and deeper trust in the goodness of God is to have the spirit of Jesus. And this applies to early life as well as late. David had to be "sized up," in his own estimation and that of the nation before he could rightly occupy the throne. God had to educate him before he could be trusted with those important matters which are now seen to bear so mightily on the kingdom of God. We are all in the school, it depends on us whether we become apt and trusty scholars.

4. The power of forgiveness.

It would be a serious error not to again impress the effect which David's conduct had upon Saul. We need not dwell upon it for ourselves, but for our classes there should be a telling review of the spite, the uncalled for persecution, and determination to kill, on the part of Saul. Then by contrast, David's courageous, yet sweet disposition, his hard battle with himself, his magnanimity in sparing his open enemy, his perfect willingness to let God have the settlement of his grievances, abiding his time and method. The temptation, the victory, the effect upon all parties, Saul, David, Abishai, the army, the nation, can be pictured. The forgiveness of God, his sparing grace, his sacrificing work should work a deeper and more genuine repentance in us than Saul evinced when spared by David.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

Our Duty to the Stranger. Deut. vii: 7, 8; II Chron. vi: 32, 33. (Home Missions.)

August 30.

Once more we have a missionary topic and this time it is concerned in a general way with the foreigners who have made their home within our borders. America is filling up with people of alien birth. Each year adds a large new army to the hosts already gathered and the prospects are not for less but for larger influx as the years go on. The early colonists of this favored land were once all foreigners, and from those stirring days to this favored hour the year has not been when some scores or hundreds or thousands of foreign settlers have not come to follow their example. The native sons and daughters are all of foreign strain a few generations back, so that when we undertake to uplift and save the stranger we have need only to remember our fathers to feel the sympathy of kinship. At the consecration of Solomon's temple, in the King's wonderful prayer, there is a distinct recognition of the stranger and his claims. If the stranger came to the house to pray the Lord was besought to hear, that all the people of the earth might know his name. In the fourth commandment the stranger is not permitted to work on the Sabbath any more than the Israelite born. The Jew cared little for the stranger. For the real brotherhood of nations and the large cosmopolitanism, which is so characteristic of modern thought, we are indebted to the gospel and the teachings of Jesus Christ.

* * *

A glance at the recent immigration statistics will give us an idea how rapidly these stranger brethren are coming to our land. "For the year ending June 30, 1902, the steerage immigration to this country amounted to 648,473 souls. If we add to this over eighty thousand other alien passengers, we have nearly three quarters of a million and this does not include those coming from Canada and Mexico and not enumerated

in the lists. The months of the present year show an enormous advance over these figures already. The largest numbers in 1902 came from Italy—135,996 and from Austria, Hungary, 113,390. Of the entire number 446,369 were males. The General Assembly's committee on evangelistic work among these classes reported at Los Angeles that there was a decided change during the last ten years in the race character of the immigrants. The British, Irish and Germanic elements are less in numbers than formerly, but the Latin, Slavonic and Hebrew are largely increased. It is pointed out that the larger proportion of the new immigration is of different origin from that of our people and foreign to our institutions. They are prevailingly of the Roman Catolic faith." There is a small important element that is Protestant coming from the Reformed church of Hungary and the Waldensian of Italy, but the far larger numbers are of the papal church.

* * *

There are in this country 200,000 persons born in Hungary, and it is estimated that 100,000 of these are now without religious privileges. Of Italians there are about 800,000, and they are rapidly increasing. It is estimated that there are 200,000 Bohemians, of whom probably 60,000 are of the Reformed faith. In round numbers there are two and three-quarter million of German birth in our land. Not only is there much spiritual destitution among these stranger hosts, but there is also and alarming illiteracy. Published statistics show that the least illiterate are the Scotch and Scandinavians. Only one per.cent of these cannot read or write. Next come the English, then the Finns and Moravian two per cent.; Irish and Welsh, three per cent.; German, Swiss and Frech, four per cent.; Japanese, five per cent.; Dutch, six per cent.; Italians, twelve per cent.; Hebrews, eighteen per cent.; Lithuanians, forty per cent.; Syrians, forty-four per cent.: Portuguese and Italians from Southern Italy, forty-nine per cent. This indicates the vast teaching responsibility that rests upon the churches. The great mass of these are probably beyond school age or unable now to speak English, so that they must, if taught at all, secure their uplifting through the mission agencies of the Church.

* * *

The majority of the strangers do not now settle on farms as ten or twenty years ago, but they pour into the great cities and remain there. Dr. Thompson, in his address before the General Assembly this year, point out that one-fourth of the people of Manhattan Island are Hebrews, for whom practically nothing is done. More than one-third are Roman Catholics. He said "a walk of half an hour from my office will take me to a Hebrew city bigger than Jerusalem, another to a German city bigger than Dresden or Cologne, another to an Italian city as big as Venice, another to a Scandinavian city as big as the combined armies of Norway and Sweden."

* * *

In San Francisco there are 25,000 Italians, 35,000 Germans, 17,000 Jews, 16,000 Irish, 3,000 Scotch, 400 Welshmen, 7,000 French, 5,000 Swedes, 4,000 Danes, 2,500 Norwegians, 1,500 Mexicans, 1,500 Russians, 800 Poles, 16,000 Mongolians, and about 1,500 Negroes.

* * *

The continual coming of these immigrant strangers presents a peril of alarming proportions unless they are Christianized and taught the principles of Western civilization. Our duty is to evangelize and teach them. The Home Mission Boards of our churches are realizing this as never before and are planning for special efforts among these peoples. The Woman's Boards are also outlining school work among them and doubtless great good will result from these enterprises. By the coming of these hordes Foreign Mission work is transferred to our very doorstep, and what is being done for the Chinese and Japanese in San Francisco will need to be done for the others.

Church News.

California.

Mill Valley.—A parsonage will be built at once, nearly $1,500 having been subscribed for that purpose. The pastor, Mr. Sinclair, and family are now nicely located in the nicely furnished home of Mrs. Hugh McCrum, which has been tendered for their use until the parsonage shall be ready for occupancy.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—The pastor, Rev. S. G. Emerson, is spending his vacation with his family at Catalina. A good list of supplies has been arranged. On the morning of the 9th, Mrs. E. B. Allen of Pasadena read her paper entitled, "The Parents Second Chance," the one she presented to the Ventura meeting. On the 16th, Rev. Burkhalter of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the former pastor of Mr. W. Waterhouse, preached. The evening services are conducted by the Endeavor Societies, the Seniors and Intermediates, alternating. These meetings are well attended and are considered an excellent substitute for the usual evening service during the summer months.

Pasadena, First.—The Endeavorers gave a reception to the choir last week, in recognition of their help at the twilight service. The outdoor meetings at the Mexican camp continue to hold the deep interest both of the men and the Endeavorers. Some Methodist friends have furnished a baby organ, and the helpers from the Spanish church in Los Angeles are proving tactful and efficient. It is an inspiration to watch Pastor Minjare's face, which is fairly illuminated with the message he bears. Encouraged by the success of this effort, the C. E.'s have inaugurated a similar meeting at a camp of Japanese laborers, near the other. Rev. Nakamura, a graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, has for the past two Sundays addressed an interested body of his countrymen there.

Avalon.—The Quarterly Missionary Tea of our Woman's Auxiliary, on the 11th, was greatly enjoyed by the representatives of many different States gathered in our island parsonage. The program included the following papers: "Things that Will Abide from Assembly Records," Mrs. E. J. Whitney; "Things that Inspire—From C. E. Convention Records," Mrs. M. W. Williams; "Things that Are To Be—Missionary Prospects," Mrs. Dr. Wood; "First Church (Los Angeles) Missionary Activities," Mrs. Dr. Brainard; "What Missionaries Have Done for Civilization," Mrs. W. J. Savage; vocal solo, Mrs. Wesendorfle. The summer work of the church evidences many gratifying features. The congregations are large, and each Sunday there are several visiting ministerial brethren whom we have to thank for their enthusiastic encouragement. Rev. H. De F. Wiard of Huron, S. D., preached for the pastor, Rev. Chas. W. Williams, recently; and Rev. H. T. Staats of Pasadena, rendered

the same kindly service last Sunday morning. Rev Thos. Hendry, Rev. S. G. Emerson and Rev. O. L. Corbin also tarry with us. Two considerable gifts of recent date (one of them from the Santa Catalina Island Company), have completed the raising of our church piano fund.

Notes and Personals.

The Rev. W. R. Bair is down from Alturas to attend the Grand Army Encampment.

The Rev. William Butler of Port Gamble, Wash., is in attendance at the G. A. R. Encampment this week. He occupied the pulpit at Olivet church Sunday morning.

Superintendent Singer of the Sunday-School Society spent Sunday at Wawona, in the Yosemite, at which place a Sunday-school was organized a few months ago.

The Rev. A. C. Walkup, missionary to the Gilbert Islands, departed again this week for his mission field. He went to Puget Sound, where he will take a vessel via of Honolulu and Sidney.

During the absence of Dr. Meserve in Honolulu this summer the house of worship of Plymouth church in this city was renovated at an expense of $1,500. Dr. Meserve said at the Ministers' Meeting on Monday that the Central Union church in Honolulu is doing one of the largest and widest works under the Stars and Stripes.

The editor of The Pacific spent Sunday at Martinez and spoke to good congregations both morning and evening. The church expects to have a pastor again soon. It rejoices in that the educational work on which the Rev. E. W. Stoddard has entered keeps him and his family in Martinez, where they are greatly beloved. We heard it said that Mr. Stoddard had so lived in that community during the ten years of his pastorate as to have all the while the deepest respect and confidence of every man, woman and child in the place—setting ever a splendid example for noble living, no matter what the conditions.

The Rev. Harmon Bross, superintendent of Home Missions in Nebraska, was in attendance at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday. Mr. Bross is a Grand Army man and came to attend the Encampment. He goes from here to Portland to visit his son, who is managing editor of The Oregonian. Mr. Bross said at the meeting on Monday that there was but one kind of fellowship which is better than Grand Army fellowship , and that is Christian fellowship. He spoke of the interest, which from all parts of our country centers in the churches about San Francisco bay because of the position of great opportunity and responsibility which they occupy, and how prayers from all over the land followed Dr. Adams when he left St. Louis to take up the work in the First church in San Francisco. Mr. Bross has rendered splendid service as Home Missionary Superintendent in Nebraska and it was an especial pleasure to many to look into his face and make his acquaintance.

PARTNER WANTED.

In furniture store and carpet business; Congregationalist preferred. He must be affable, a hustler for work and for business with a capital of $8,000 or $10,000 for half of stock and building; sales $20,000 per year. Address for particulars box 136 Palo Alto, Cal.

Oregon Letter

By George H. Himes.

The General Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers of Oregon will hold its fifty-fifth annual meeting with the church at Oregon City, September 29th-30th and October 1st. The program will be as follows:

Tuesday afternoon at 2:30—"Means of Molding the Christian Thought of the Family," Rev. R. M. Jones of Portland; "The Evangelization of Boys and Girls," Rev. D. V. Poling of The Dalles; "Sunday-schools, Methods and Results," Mrs. E. B. Lowell of Pendleton; report of Sunday-school superintendent, Rev. H. M. Smith, Portland.

Tuesday evening—"Truths Needing Emphasis Today," Rev. W. C. Kantner, D.D., of Salem; associational sermon, Rev. E. L. House, D.D., Portland.

Wednesday morning—"Civic Duty and Municipal Reform," F. McKercher of Portland; "Recent Experiments in Temperance Legislation," Dr. J. S. Bishop, Forest Grove; narrative of the churches by the registrar, Rev. Daniel Staver.

Wednesday afternoon—"Congregational Church Extension," Rev. H. H. Wykoff of San Francisco; "The Mountain Whites," Rev. E. S. Bollinger; "Our Debt to the Indian," Mrs. Eva E. Dye; "A Century of Work for Women," Mrs. A. M. Boldrick ;"The Missionary Idea," Rev. Edward Curran, Forest Grove; "Practical Methods of Keeping Missions Before the Churches," Rev. G. W. Nelson, Albany.

Wednesday evening—"Interest in Missions a Supreme Factor in Church Life and Growth," Rev. R. T. Cross, D.D., Eugene; "Responsibility of the Church in Matters of Education," Rev. S. B. L. Penrose of Walla Walla.

Thursday morning—"Opportunity and Influence of Young People in the Church," Miss Edith Chase, Portland; "Plan of Benevolence," Rev. J. M. Barber, Butteville; "Forward Movement in Religious Education," Miss Mary F. Farnham, Forest Grove; "What We Owe to Missions," J. Louis Jones; "Race Problem," Rev. E. F. Green; "The Great Non-Christian People's Contiguous to This Coast," Rev. P. S. Knight of Salem; "Problem of Fellowship," Rev. J. L. Kauffman, Corvallis; "Fraternal Orders and the Women of the Church," Rev. Dora Barber; "The Church and Fraternal Orders," Rev. E. L. House, D.D.

Thursday afternoon—"Effective Methods of Christian Service," Rev. G. A. Taggart of St. Helens; "Unused Talents," Rev. J. J. Staub, Sunnyside; "Down in Water Street," Rev. H. A. Start, Portland; "Individual Work for Individuals," Reno Hutchinson, Portland; "American as a Religion and Civilization Worthy of Exportation," Rev. E. S. Williams of California; "Spiritual Equipmena Needed for Present Service," Rev. D. B. Gray.

Thursday evening—"The Church in Relation to the New Century Life," Rev. C. E. Chase, Portland; "A Man at the Helm," Superintendent C. F. Clapp; "The Ideal Church in the Foreign Interest," Rev. H. M. Tenney of San Francisco.

Rev. J. L. Hershner of Riverside church, Hood River, recently had the pleasure of a few weeks' visit

from his parents, who live at Mansfield, Ohio. The elder Hershner is a thorough Ohio farmer, and in the seventy-one years of his life this is his first vacation.

Full returns from the Hood River Strawberry for 1903 show that 90,000 crates were sold, at an average price of $1.65, thus producing $148,500 from about six hundred acres of land—an average of $244.50 per acre. The secret of the successful culture and sale of Hood River strawberries lies in a twofold reason: first, an excellent berry—Clark's seedling— for shipping purposes; and second, great care in packing. This berry was originated near Portland a number of years ago; and while it is considered a good berry here, it is not much, if any better, than a number of other varieties; and as a shipping berry is not especially distinguished. At Hood River, however, and also at White Salmon, Washington, just across the Columbia river, the soil and climate seem especially adapted to its production, giving an excellent quality of table berry, as well as for preserving or canning purposes, firm in texture and well flavored, so that it is possible to ship it a long distance, even as far east as the Missouri river, without injury. The fame of the berry, as raised at Hood River, is now so well established that the entire annual crop is practically disposed of each year before it is picked.

The fame of Hood River and White Salmon Valleys, as fruit-producing districts, does not rest alone on the strawberry. Particular attention is being given to producing winter apples, and these of the best quality known. The output this year will be somewhere near one hundred carloads, and at the rate the acreage devoted to apple culture is increasing, it will not be many years before the output will be numbered by thousands of carloads, and the demand is certain to increase in proportion to the production because of its uniform excellence.

Captain Roswell Hawkes Lamson, U. S. Navy, retired, an Oregon pioneer of 1847, died in this city last Friday. He was born in Iowa in 1838. He was a volunteer in the Yakima Indian war in Oregon and Washington in 1855-56. In 1858 he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and was graduated next to the head in a class of eighty-four. As a cadet he fought in the battles of Port Royal, and was promoted to his lieutenancy in 1862. He was in a number of engagements during the war, and in every emergency won conspicuous mention from his superior officers, particularly from Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of the Navy, who said he was "proud to see in the younger members of the corps such evidence of energy and gallantry and execution and ability, scarcely surpassed by those of more age and experience."

Lieutenant Lamson was badly wounded twice during the war, and at its close, though much broken in health, was appointed Fleet Lieutenant on the staff of Admiral Goldsborough, and in this capacity was with the first U. S. squadron to visit Europe in 1866. Soon after he resigned from the Navy and in 1870 returned to Oregon and took up the duties of civil life, being clerk of Yamhill county for the years 1873-4. He then became professor of Mathematics in Pacific University until 1877, when he was appointed clerk of the U. S. Court in Portland, which position he filled with conspicuous ability for seventeen years, and then resigned because of continued ill health as the result of his earlier wounds. Since 1894 he has been a constant sufferer, his disease being a nerve trouble which baffled the skill of the best physicians. Throughout these years of continuous and excruciating pain he never allowed a complaint or a murmur to escape from his lips. In this he exhibited a high and noble courage, and leaves a splendid example to be followed by those who knew him. It was the privilege of the writer to have had an intimate acquaintance with Captain Lawson for more than thirty years, and it is due to his memory to say that he was one of the bravest and truest gentlemen I ever knew.

Portland August 16 1903.

A YACHT TRIP.

It is considered an honor to be a guest on a private yacht. A small party of Congregationalists recently had this honor. Mr. Wm. Waterhouse of Pasadena, one of the founders of the Lake Avenue church, is owner of the beautiful yacht "Aloha," which he uses during the summer months to take his friends on cruises. The party, which he took for the week Aug. 3-10, was was composed of Rev. J. L. Maile, Judge Curtis D. Wilbur of Los Angeles, Rev. S. G. Emerson, H. M. Cole, A. I. Gammon and Glen Waterhouse, son of the captain, members of the Lake Avenue church.

All testified it was one of the finest outings ever experienced. From San Pedro Harbor we went to Johnson's Harbor, four miles west of the isthmus on Catalina Island. It was a cozy nook, a delightful spot. The water was still, being on the leeward side of the island The bathing was unexcelled, the fishing fine, and the boating, especially the quiet moonlight evenings, delightful. The generous and warm-hearted captain saw that nothing was lacking for our comfort and pleasure. We supplied our enormous appetites with wholesome food and some delicacies, which "staid down." He furnished us with good sleeping berths. He kept us in good humor by his many jokes and stories.

Family worship was observed every day, each one taking a turn in conducting it. On Sunday morning Mr. Maile preached an excellent sermon on suffering. The services were complete in every detail, even to the taking of a collection. In the evening Judge Wilbur conducted an experience meeting, which was made very helpful and inspiring by each one contributing the story of his conversion.

An hour before bedtime each day, excepting Sunday, was devoted to story-telling. Mr. Maile related his thrilling experiences at Andersonville prison. Judge Wilbur told us of the life at Annapolis Naval Academy, of which he is a graduate. Others told of minor incidents.

The last two days were spent at Avalon, the metropolis of the island, which is now in gala attire. We were honored in receiving as visitors to the yacht Rev. C. W. Williams, pastor of the Avalon church, and his sister; Mr. Maile's son, Professor and Mr. Brockett of Pomona College, and many other friends.

All members of the party came back, feeling greatly benefited by the trip. We got a deeper insight into each other's lives, which strengthened the bond of friendship. Captain Waterhouse was given a rousing vote of thanks.

It is now forty years since the first sub-marine cable was opened for business. It was laid across the English Channel, and was a success from the start. There are now 1,500 cables, aggregating 170,000 miles in length, and transmitting 16,500 messages a day.

Professor Bernard Moses on the Philippines.

It is well understood that Professor Bernard Moses of the California State University, as a member of the Philippine Commission, has had a good deal to do in establishing the public school system in the Philippine Islands. In his report of his work recently given to the press he says: "The most general description that can be given of the form of the organization of public instruction is that the provinces are made school divisions and that these divisions are federated with very large powers in the central authority, provision being made for night schools, normal schools, and various schools for special instruction. The details for this organization are contained in a law which I formulated and which was adopted by the commission last October. The existing law makes the system of schools a bureau of education under the Secretary of Public Instruction, in whom rests the final administrative authority. Under him is a general superintendent of education, and in each division there is a division superintendent."

The system has been severely criticised for its insistence on the teaching of English, but we have always believed this is important. We fully agree with Professor Moses in the following paragraph of his report: "There are various practical advantages that will accrue to the people of the Philippine Islands from ability to use the English language. It will supply a common medium of communication where no such medium now exists. The possession of a common speech will tend to remove district antagonism, and break up the prevailing provincial narrowness and jealousy. A second advantage is that it will make possible a political regime of a popular character, involving and interesting the inhabitants of all parts of the island. A third advantage is that this knowledge will enable the inhabitants of the islands to read American books and periodicals, and thus gradually become informed of the character of American institutions." There will never be a lasting coherency until the English language, or at least a common language, is spoken throughout the Islands. The establishing and maintenance of the public school system requires a common mode of speech.

As to the labor question, Professor Moses certainly takes a wise and statesmanlike view of the situation. The anti-Chinese phobia does not apply, according to Professor Moses, to the labor question in the Philippines. "The qualities of these two peoples," he contends, "are such as to suggest a superior product as a result of their union. The Filipino likes to be well dressed; the Chinaman is better pleased with a cash surplus on deposit. The Filipino wishes a position involving little work, and he is somewhat indifferent about the amount of pay. The Chinaman wishes a position involving much pay, and he is somewhat indifferent about the severity of the work. Persons who unite in themselves Filipino and Chinese blood display a remarkable combination of qualities. They have the Filipino's respect for good form and the Chinaman's marvelous energy and business sagacity. They count themselves as Filipinos, and lay aside all peculiarities of dress or manner that would recall the Chinese factor in their origin. They are Filipinos with more than the ordinary Filipino ability. If the Philippine Islands are to be open to immigration from any source, a certain immigration from China would probably be more likely to bring immediate prosperity and be followed by greater permanent advantages than that which might be had from any other source."

One of our contemporaries thinks that it would take two hundred years to produce a race of mestizos. The ethnological laws work according to the opportunity and under favorable conditions forty years would change the character of the population. We do not pass any opinion on these means proposed further than to say that the Philippines need a great industrial class, who will take hold upon the industrial problems with energy and foresight. If the mestizos combine the elements of strength to make a great people, as Professor Moses clearly states, then we can see no reason for interference. Railroads, telegraph lines and electrical appliances must be and will be introduced. Other things being equal, we can see no special difference between maintaining a government over mestizos and maintaining one over Filipinos.—Cal. Christian Advocate.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

It is said there are no more horrible prisons than those found in certain provinces of Russia. A traveler, just returned from these provinces, gives an interesting incident in connection with the prison life there. A colonel was appointed to take charge of one of the largest and most noxious of the prisons. It was situated in the center of an important province, and was filled with turbulent men and abandoned women. Harsh discipline, poor food, insufficient ventilation, uncleanliness and hopelessness—all conspired to brutalize the inmates.

Especially was this true of the women. The longer they were imprisoned the more depraved and unmanageable they became, until it needed a disciplinarian of the severest type to keep them under control. The colonel could manage the men, but the women defied him, and he began to think that he must resort to flogging to subdue them.

One morning the colonel's young wife took a walk in the prison yard. She was a gentle enthusiast, who had made up her mind when her husband first entered upon his official duties, to reform, if possible, the women prisoners by kindness. This purpose she failed to accomplish, for kindness seemed to have no more influence over them than solitary confinement. As she walked in the yard one morning she became apprehensive and nervous lest some harm might be done her baby, which the nurse carried beside her, and for the first time had taken into the enclosure.

As soon as the women prisoners caught sight of the child they ran to it, gesticulating wildly. The mother gave a shriek and stood at bay before them, prepared to defend her babe from violence. The guard came running up. But instead of the abusive language which had heretofore greeted the young wife, the poor women broke into raptures over the babe.

"Oh, the darling! Let me hold him." One after another stretched out their marred arms in entreaty toward the obdurate nurse.

"Isn't he innocent?" exclaimed the vilest of the prisoners. At that word several of them peered into the pure face of the child, and then broke down, tears streaming down their cheeks.

Begging to hold the baby, the laughing, crying, gesticulating women crowded around the child. The eternal motherhood lighted up their embruted faces, and the sight of unimpeachable innocence softened every stony heart.

Then the colonel's wife had a happy thought. "The best conducted woman of you all at the end of the week will be allowed to tend the baby for half an hour."

The women, whom neither kindness nor punishment had been able to restrain, became docile to every word and order. At the end of the week it became almost impossible to decide which one had earned the coveted reward. The baby made weekly visits to the prison yard, and the gentle, humanizing effect upon the women seemed almost miraculous. Innocence is irresistible.—Youth's Companion.

Our Boys and Girls.

His Last Grandma.

By J. J. Maxfield.

My grandma, if you knew her well
As I do, you would know
That words we use could never tell
How good she was; and so
A lump keeps coming in my throat
To see her empty chair,
And know she nevermore will quote
Her texts, or lead in prayer.

I looked into her room one day,
My heart was beating fast,
Her Bible and her glasses lay
Just where she laid them last.
I tell you what, a boy like me
Has trouble hard to bear,
To go about the house and see
That grandma isn't there.

If any boy has stumped his toe,
Or made his finger bleed,
He ought to know just where to go
To find a friend in need
His grandma knows the way to cure
If any mortal does,
And he will get a cookie, sure—
That's how my grandma was.

If any rich man—one that's good,
Should lose most all he had;
If he had suffered all he could,
I'd think his lot was sad;
And when the tears came in his eyes,
He'd have my pity, sure,
But when a boy's last grandma dies,
You better think he's poor!

—Central Christian Advocate.

Timmy Flannigan and His Promotion.

Margaret Arnold.

This experience came into my life about twenty years ago, when I was a teacher in a primary school in Maine. My brother was school superintendent at the time, and of course, as he visited the different schools, he saw many bright, wide-awake boys. But Timmy Flannigan, a boy about nine years of age, attracted him especially. No matter what the question, Timmy knew what to reply; no matter how long the column of figures, Timmy was always the first to give the right answer. This was rather discouraging to the other scholars, so one day Mr. C., the superintendent, said:

"Now, Timmy, you keep still awhile. I can't find out how much the other boys and girls know, if you answer all the questions."

Tim obeyed, but it was hard work, and his eyes fairly danced with excitement and impatience.

At last came the end of the school year. When the examinations were over, Timmy Flannigan's name was the first on the list of those promoted to the next higher grade. A dainty diploma for each scholar had been prepared by the teacher. and when Mr. C. passed Timmy's to him, his "I thank you" was heard throughout the large school-room, he felt so proud and happy.

As Mr. C. was returning to his home that day, he met Mr. Flannigan, Timmy's father, a hard-working man employed at good wages in one of the large cotton mills. Though naturally a warm-hearted man, Mr. C. knew that he loved liquor better than anything else in the world, and that most of his earnings found their way to the saloon-keeper's pocket. So in the faint hope of arousing him to some sense of his duty towards his family, he stopped to speak to him.

"Mr. Flannigan, do you know you have one of the brightest and most promising boys in town? You must do well by him, keep him in school, give him every possible chance for an education, and in years to come he will repay it all."

"Indeed, now, but I mean to do that same thing, Mr. C., I am going to have that boy graduate at Bowdoin College sure as I live. He shall have a better education than his poor old father had. Thank you for your good words about him, sir."

Saying this, he turned the next corner and went into the first beer saloon.

Four hours later Timmy was working at home helping to care for the little Flannigans, of whom there were five besides himself, when he suddenly heard heavy footsteps stumbling up the stairs. His mother called out to him in anxious tones which he knew only too well:

"O Tim, your father's bad again! Keep out of his way, for when he is like this there's no knowing what he will do."

Trembling with fear, Tim hastened to escape, but the motherly warning had come too late. Even as she spoke Mr. Flannigan caught sight of the boy at the head of the stairs, and, imagining in his drunkenness that he was in his way, he lifted his heavy boot, gave one kick, and dear, bright, helpful little Timmy lay a crippled mass upon the floor below.

His mother gave one terrific scream and fainted; the father staggered stupidly along into the bedroom, where he fell in a drunken sleep upon the floor. Kind neighbors gathered in haste, lifted the poor lad in their arms, and carried him to his bed. Two doctors soon arrived. "Concussion of the brain" was all they said; then they went carefully to work to see what could be done for the little sufferer.

While they were setting the broken arm and leg, attending to the scalp wound, and binding up the little hand upon which two fingers were broken, the father, who had promised to do so much for his boy, was sleeping a drunken sleep, unconscious of the terrible crime he had committed. Many reproaches were hurled at the senseless form, but nothing could be done to avert the consequences of his act.

Weeks passed, and Timmy was at last able to get about the town on crutches. But it was not the same Timmy who had received his diploma with such joy only a few short weeks before. All the brightness was gone from his eyes and all look of intelligence from his face. That cruel kick had stolen his brain.

The fall term had commenced, and one morning, as I sat in my school-room, I heard the sound of crutches in the entry. I went to the door, and there stood Timmy. In response to my smile he muttered, "Tim—school—boys—Tim" "Yes," I said, "we all want you, Tim, come in." He shambled in as best he could, fell into a chair, and gazed vacantly about I went on with the lessons as usual, but it was all a mystery to poor little Tim. When he tried to talk, the result was only a few disconnected words; it was impossible for him to frame a sentence.

Day after day he visited my school, making no trouble in any way, but you can imagine what a temperance lesson, what a lesson of love, of kindly sympathy, of continued thoughtfulness and generosity, his daily visits were! They were an object lesson, indeed! The scholars vied with each other in doing for him. Every day some gift was brought to him, a pair of shoes one day, a pretty necktie the next, and toys, fruit and flowers in abundance. I could tell you of many sacrifices made by these little children for poor, helpless Tim.

At last we missed his accustomed visits, and upon inquiry I found he was sick with typhoid fever, from which his mother had just died. The other children of the family were being cared for by strangers, the wretched father was in jail, and there was no place for Timmy but the Town Farm. He was tenderly cared for there. My little scholars kept him supplied with fruit and flowers, and whenever they went to see him he would say, "Tim—boys—Tim."

As the weeks passed, he grew weaker and weaker. One day an old woman who had lived at the Farm many years, was holding him in her arms and crooning to him in a quivering voice:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

Those who stood near said a lock almost

of intelligence passed over his face. He smiled; he was not suffering, and if he was thinking, his thoughts were happy; no clouds obscured his vision of the heavenly home. I think he had a glimpse into the "Home Beautiful," where cruelty and bitter wrongs are not known, and where his plaintive cry of "Tim—boys—Tim," was answered by the group of boys who had gone on before him.

Poor little Timmy, his time of rejoicing had come, for he had a glorious promotion.

"Unto that school
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule."

—Zion's Herald.

A Dinner-Pail Story.

Bessie Jones and Sallie Wattles lived so far from the school-house that every day they took their dinners with them, And such nice dinners, too—snowy bread spread with sweet, golden butter; toothsome chicken or beef, or hard-boiled eggs; great pieces of pie or cake, sometimes both; a big apple or two or peaches, plums or pears; sometimes grapes, and sometimes strawberries; and pickles. Certainly the little girls never lacked for enough to eat, and almost always they ate together.

"I wonder why it is?" said Sallie Wattles one noon, "that Kittie Burns always goes off by herself all alone to eat her dinner?"

"It is funny," answered Bessie. "Only yesterday I wanted her to eat with us, but she blushed red as a peony, said something I could not understand, and went off all alone, and I thought she was crying after she left me."

"Perhaps she hasn't much to eat," exclaimed Sallie, "and is ashamed."

"Oh! And that makes me remember," said Bessie. "Once last week I saw her stub her toe, and all the dinner fell out of her pail. But there was only a couple of slices of bread with no butter on them that I could see!"

"That's just it," said Stella.

For a moment the little girls lunched away, and both spoke at once:

"I say, Bessie."

"I say, Sallie!"

Then they laughed, and Bessie said: "I know, Sallie, that you were going to say just what I was, that we'd take some of our fruit to poor Kittie Burns. There she is now by the big elm tree, and eating alone as usual."

After hastily brushing up the crumbs and putting away their pails they ran over by the big tree.

"O Kittie," Sallie exclaimed, "here's a red apple more'n we could eat, and you must help us out with it. And can't you come over Saturday afternoon and go with me to Bessie's? We'll have such a nice time."

Just then the teacher unexpectedly passed by, and whether she did it purposely or not I cannot say, but she was humming loud enough for the little girls to hear:

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

That noon hour was the beginning of a new life for Kitty, and wonderfully did she develop under its happy influence. And the widowed mother sang many a song when by herself alone because of what Sallie and Bessie had done for her little fatherless girl.—Zion's Herald.

Little Faults.

You need not break the glasses of a telescope or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them, and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well. Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our conscience as the numberless petty faults which we are all the while committing.—Beecher.

Prayer Developes the Power of the Church.

Who can say what power a church could develop and exercise, if it gave itself to the work of prayer day and night for the coming of the kingdom, for God's power on his servants and his word, for the glorifying of God in the salvation of souls? Most churches think their members are gathered into one, simply to take care of and build up each other. They know not that God rules the world by the prayers of his saints, that prayer is the power by which Satan is conquered, that by prayer the church on earth has disposal of the powers of the heavenly world. They do not remember that Jesus has, by his promise (Matt. xviii: 19, 20), consecrated every assembly in his name to be a gate of heaven, where his presence is to be felt, and his power experienced in the Father fulfilling their desires.—Andrew Murray.

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Choose Thou For Me.

I do not ask to choose my own way, Lord;
How can I tell what way is best for me?
I love a pleasant path o'erstrewn with flowers,
Fair, sunny skies and fragrant garden bowers—
Thou seest, Lord, how foolish I would be;
Choose Thou for me.

My feet shrink from a hard and stony way,
I fear the night, but love the gladsome day,
I dread to meet life's sorrow and its pain,
Though well I know they're given not in vain.
Thou knowest, Lord, how weak thy child would be.
Choose Thou for me.

How strange it is that I should ever fear
To travel any path, since Thou art near.
What matter whether smooth, or rough the way;
Whether the stormy night or calm, sweet day.
Thou knowest, Lord, what all the way will be.
Choose Thou for me.

When Thy hand leads, I feel no dread alarm;
What foe hath power to do me any harm?
Tho' rough and thorny is the path I tread,
The radiance of Thy cross is round me shed.
Thy will is best, whate'er the way may be.
Choose Thou for me.

The Moral Effect of Suffering.

We have all known sufferers who have grown into rare, sweet beauty as they have suffered. They have lost their earthliness and have learned heavenliness. Pride has given way to humility. The harsh music has grown soft and gentle. The rough marble has taken the shape of graceful beauty. There are elements of loveliness in the depths of every life which pain alone can bring out. God often takes His children into a darkened room and draws the curtains while He brings out more clearly in them the features of His own image, which before had been only dim and shadowy outlines.

Yet afflictions do not always make people better. Not all suffering yields the fruit of righteousness. We have all seen people suffering who became only more impatient, selfish and cold. Their trouble hurt them.

As I watch the effects of trial upon men and women, I find that it is only in the fewest cases that the life is made more radiant by pain. There are dangerous shoals skirting all the deeps of affliction, and many frail barks are wrecked in the darkness. In no experience of life do most persons need wise friendship and firm, loving guidance more than in their times of trouble.

SILENCE!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of *free* consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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"Having used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' during the past year," writes Mrs. Mattie Long, of Pfouts Valley, Perry Co., Pa., "I can truthfully recommend these medicines for all female weaknesses. I have used several bottles of 'Favorite Prescription,' which I consider a great blessing to weak women. I was so nervous and discouraged that I hardly knew what to do. Your kind advice for home treatment helped me wonderfully. Thanks to Dr. Pierce."

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A Weak Brother.

"A weak man," says Josh Billings, "wants just about as mutch watching as a bad one, and has dun just about as mutch damage in the world. He iz everyboddy's friend, and therefore he iz no one's; and what he iz agoing tew do next iz az unknown tew him as tew others. He hain't got enny more backbone than an angleworm haz, and wiggles and wiggles out ov everything. He will talk today like a wise man, and tomorrow like a phool. on the same subject. He alwuss sez 'yes,' when he should say 'no,' and staggers thru life like a drunken man. Heaven save us from the weak man, whoze deseptions hav no fraud in them, and whoze friendships are the wust desighns he can hav on us."—Epworth Herald.

Training the Senses.

The eye always sees what it wants to see, and the ear hears what it wants to hear. If I am intent upon the birds' nests in my walk, I find birds' nests everywhere. Some people see four-leaved clovers wherever they look in the grass. A friend of mine picks up Indian relics all about the fields; he has Indian relics in his eye. I have seen him turn out of the path at right angles, as a dog will when he scents something, and walk straight away several rods and pick up an Indian pounding-stone. He saw it out of the corner of his eye. I find that without conscious effort I see and hear birds with like ease. Eye and ear are always on the alert.—Century.

The Light of the World.

It were easier to untwist all the beams of light in the sky, separating and expunging one of the colors, than to get the character of Jesus, which is the real gospel, out of the world. Look ye hither, meantime, all ye blinded and fallen of mankind, a better nature is among you, a pure heart out of some pure world is come into your prison and walks it with you. In him dawns a hope—purity has not come into our world except to purify. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world! Light breaks in, peace settles on the air, lo! the prison walls are giving way—rise, let us go.—Bushnell.

A Prayer of Augustine.

Thou, O Lord, who commandest me to ask, grant that I may receive. Thou hast put me upon seeking, let me be happy in finding. Thou hast bidden me knock; I pray thee open unto me. Be graciously pleased to direct and govern all my thoughts and actions, that, for the future, I may serve thee and entirely devote myself to obeying thee. Accept me, draw me to thyself, who am already all thine own.

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What You Can Do.

"I think a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

"Certainly she can," rejoined her friend; "but I am reminded of a little incident that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party.

"'Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?' she asked, petulantly.

"'Yes'm,' returned the old man. 'There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back.'"—East and West.

St. Peter's Chapel, Tacoma, has a bell-tower said to be more than 300 years old. When the chapel was built in 1873, a large fir tree standing just in the right place was utilized as a tower. It was sawed off thirty feet above the ground, and a bell was swung in the top.

Any man who puts his manhood aside and puts the devil in charge of himself is taking mighty big chances.

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The Loving Act of a Dog.

During mother's long and severe illness Carlo took great interest in all that pertained to her, watching the doctor very closely and sitting by the half hour with his chin on the bed by her side. We bought our bread, and knowing Carlo's fondness for warm biscuit the baker often gave him one, which he quickly dispatched. Once during a severe attack of mother's, when we were doing our utmost to tempt her appetite, Carlo came in early one morning, bringing his warm biscuit untouched, and laid it on the floor by mother's side. She was too sick to notice this act of his, but not to be disappointed in his own plan, he came forward and lifted the biscuit to her pillow, and retired again to his corner to wait some look of thanks from her. It came, and such a happy dog! He had brought his choicest offering —a warm biscuit—and it had been recognized. Was there not a loving plan and careful observation in this act?—Mary E. Holmes, in Science.

True prayer calls for real heart-communion with God, not a half asleep mumbling of the Lord's Prayer.

The Oldest American Bell-Tower.

Probably none of you could guess where the oldest bell-tower in America is. Some say Santa Fe, and others would guess St. Augustine, but it is one of the newest, instead of one of the old-towns—Tacoma, Wash.

God does not design to annihipropensities, but to sanctify them. He does not wish to make us anything else than men and women, but He does wish us to be holy men and women.

To be misunderstood even by by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand. * * * It is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of the Son of Man.—Amiel.

It is an old adage that "reading maketh a full man," and the question immediately comes, Full of what? Reading stuffs a good many people full of the wrong thing. A Carnegie library is by no means a blessing unless it be properly used by a community. It is important to consider quality as well as quantity in reading. Discrimination as well as zeal is needful in handling books.

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